NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REMINISCENCES OF CONGRESS. By CHARLES W. MARCH. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 12mo. pp 295.

Under this general title, the writer of the present volume has given a series of personal and political reminiscences of DANIEL WEBSTER, accompanied with sketches of the leading public characters whose career has brought them into connection with the distinguished Massachusetts Senator.—We predict for this work a wide and instant popularity, in spite of the great freedom of speech in which the author indulges, in his discussion of political celebrities and public events. He writes with vigor, clearness and spirit, although in his choice of phrases he sometimes shows an excessive democratic license, refusing to obey the current usages of our language, when it better serves his turn to neglect them. His materials bear the evident stamp of authenticity, being derived in a great measure from personal intercourse with the subjects of his narrative, and from an extensive correspondence with individuals whose position gave them access to the best sources of information. Without any love of trifling gossip, or an overweening spirit of hero-worship, he brings forward an abundance of interesting details, personal anecdotes, and amusing incidents, which give a constant liveliness to his descriptions, and relieve the tediousness of mere political speculation.

Among the recollections of Mr. WEBSTER's early life, we find a little incident showing how nearly the illustrious statesman was lost in the Clerk of a County Court:

The clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, resigned his office in January, 1805. Mr. Webster's father was one of the judges of this court; and his colleagues, from regard for him, tendered his son the vacant clerkship. It was what Judge Webster had long desired. The office was worth $1,500 per annum, which was in those days, and in that neighborhood, a competency; or rather absolute wealth. Mr. Webster himself considered it a great prize, and was eager to accept it. He weighed the question in his mind. On the one side he saw immediate comfort; on the other, at the best, a doubtful struggle. By its acceptance, he made sure his own good condition, and, what was nearer to his heart, that of his family. By its refusal, he condemned both himself and them to an uncertain, and probably, harrassing future. Whatever aspirations he might have cherished of professional distinction, he was willing cheerfully to relinquish, to promote the immediate welfare of those he held most dear.

But Mr. Gore peremptorily and vehemently interposed his dissent. He urged every argument against the purpose. He exposed its absurdity and its consequence. He appealed to the ambition of his pupil; once a clerk, he said, he always would be a clerk—there would be no step upward. He attacked him, too, on the side of his family affection, telling him that he would be far more able to gratify his friends from his professional labors than in the clerkship. "Go on," he said, "and finish your studies; you are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favor; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession; make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear."

Diverted from his design by arguments like these, it still remained to Mr. Webster to acquaint his father with his determination, and satisfy him of its propriety. He felt this would be no easy task, as his father had set his heart so much upon the office; but he determined to go home immediately, and give him in full the reasons of his conduct.

It was mid-winter, and he looked round for a country sleigh—for stage-coaches at that time were things unknown in the center of New-Hampshire—and finding one that had come down to market, he took passage therein, and in two or three days was set down at his father's door. (The same journey is made now in four hours by steam.) It was evening when he arrived. I have heard him tell the story of the interview. His father was sitting before the fire, and received him with manifest joy. He looked feebler than he had ever appeared, but his countenance lighted up on seeing his *clerk* stand before him in good health and spirits. He lost no time in alluding to the great appointment—said how spontaneously it had been made—how kindly the chief justice proposed it, with what unanimity all assented, &c. &c. During this speech, it can be well imagined how embarrassed Mr. Webster felt, compelled, as he thought, from a conviction of duty to disappoint his father's sanguine expectations. Nevertheless, he commanded his countenance and voice, so as to reply in a sufficiently assured manner. He spoke gaily about the office; expressed his great obligation to their Honors, and his intention to write them a most respectful letter; if he could have consented to record anybody's judgments, he should have been proud to have recorded their Honors', &c. &c. He proceeded in this strain, till his father exhibited signs of amazement, it having occurred to him, finally, that his son might all the while be serious—"Do you intend to decline this office?" he said at length. "Most certainly," replied his son, "I cannot think of doing otherwise. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an actor, not a register of other men's actions."

For a moment Judge Webster seemed angry. He rocked his chair slightly, a flash went over his eye, softened by age, but even then black as jet, but it immediately disappeared, and his countenance regained its usual serenity. Parental love and partiality could not after all but have been gratified with the son's devotion to an honorable and distinguished profession, and seeming confidence of success in it. "Well, my son," said Judge Webster finally, "Your mother has always said that you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her." The judge never afterward spoke to his son on the subject.

MR. WEBSTER'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

It was on Thursday, June 10, 1813, that Mr. Webster made his maiden speech to the House. It was upon certain resolutions which he introduced in relation to the repeal of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, the first of which was in these words:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to inform this House, unless the public interest should in his opinion forbid such communication, when and by whom, and in what manner, the first intelligence was given to this Government of the decree of the Government of France, bearing date the 28th of April, 1811, and purporting to be a definitive repeal of the Decrees of Berlin and Milan.

These resolutions were not introduced to embarrass the Administration, but to elicit information that might throw some light upon the proximate causes of the war, and enable Members to best judge the most proper manner of conducting it.

Mr. Webster, in his speech on these resolutions displayed a cautious regard for facts, a philosophical moderation of tone, a fullness of knowledge, and an amplitude of historical illustration which astonished the House. There was no exaggeration of statement or argument, no sophistry nor uncalled-for rhetoric in his speech; the oldest Parliamentarian could not have exhibited more propriety and decency of manner or language, nor the most able, a logic more perspicacious or more convincing. There was a harmony between his thought and its expression, that won attention and compelled admiration. The opening of his speech was simple, unaffected, without pretension, gradually gaining the confidence of his audience by its transparent sincerity and freedom from aught resembling display. As the orator continued and grew animated, his words became more fluent, and his language more nervous; a crowd of thoughts seemed rushing upon him, all eager for utterance. He held them, however, under the command of his mind, as greyhounds with a leash, till he neared the close of his speech, when, warmed by the previous restraint, he poured them all forth, one after another, in glowing language.

The speech took the House by surprise, not so much from its eloquence as from the vast amount of historical knowledge and illustrative ability displayed in it. How a person, untrained to forensic contests and unused to public affairs, could exhibit so much Parliamentary tact, such nice appreciation of the difficulties of a difficult question, and such quiet facility in surmounting them, puzzled the mind. The age and experience of the speaker had prepared the House for no such display, and astonishment for a time subdued the expression of its admiration.

"No member before," says a person then in the House, "ever rivetted the attention of the House so closely, in his first speech. Members left their seats where they could not see the speaker face to face, and sat down, or stood on the floor, fronting him. All listened attentively and silently, during the whole speech; and when it was over, many went up and warmly congratulated the orator; among whom, were some, not the most niggard of their compliments, who most dissented from the views he had expressed."

Chief Justice Marshall, writing to a friend some time after, says: "At the time this speech was delivered, I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it, that I did not hesitate then to state, that Mr. Webster was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, and perhaps the very first."

The speech immediately raised the author to the first consideration in the House, and gained him great reputation throughout the country. The object it proposed was merely information respecting the time and manner in which the revocation of the Berlin and Milan Decrees reached the President. Certain opponents, however, of the Administration used the introduction of the resolutions as an opportunity for assault upon it, particularly as related to its conduct of the war. The *National Intelligencer*—the organ of the dominant party—says in the paper of June 18: "This debate has now assumed such a character, that, although there is but little opposition to Mr. Webster's motion, it has become necessary for the advocates of the present war, for the friends of the Administration, the defenders of their country's reputation, to repel the violence of their opponents, and in turn pursue to the inmost recesses of their coverts, and drag them forth into the light of day."

But Mr. Webster took no part in the debate after it had assumed a factious character; his object being, not to foment party quarrels, but to carry out a national purpose.

His resolutions were carried by a large majority; the first, by a vote of 137 to 26; and President Madison, in obedience to the call of the House, communicated full and satisfactory information upon the subject.

We will give a few of the portraits from the miscellaneous picture-gallery here presented, leaving the reader to judge for himself of the accuracy of the likeness.

HENRY CLAY AS SPEAKER.

Certainly, no one ever presided over any deliberative body, in this country, with more personal popularity and influence than Mr. Clay. He governed the House with more absoluteness than any Speaker that preceded or followed him. It was a power founded upon character and manners. Fearless, energetic, decided, he swayed the timid by superior will, and governed the bold through sympathy. A chivalric bearing, easy address, and a warm heart, drew around him crowds of admirers. He cultivated—what our great men too much neglect—the philosophy of manners. None knew better than he the wondrous power in seeming trifles; how much a word, a tone, a look can accomplish; what direction give to the whole character of opinion and conduct. There seemed nothing constrained in his courtesy, nothing simulated; all his manner was simple, unaffected, ardent; if it were not genuine, he had early arrived at the perfection of art, and concealed the art.

As an orator, he was unequalled, even in an assembly that boasted of Cheves, of Lowndes, of Forsyth, and others no less distinguished. His voice was sonorous and musical, falling with proper cadence from the highest to the lowest tones; at times, when in narrative or description, modulated, smooth and pleasing, like sounds of running water; but when raised to animate and cheer, it was as clear and spirit-stirring as the notes of a clarion, the House all the while ringing with its melody.

Oftentimes he left his chair to address the House. A call of the House would not have brought Members in more eagerly. Few, indeed, could have indulged in such frequency of speech, and retained personal ascendency. But his influence seemed to increase in strength, the oftener it was exerted.—He had a wonderful tact by which he judged, as by intuition, when the subject, or the patience of his audience, threatened to be exhausted; and took care always to leave the curiosity of his hearers unsatisfied.

"I was a Member of the House during the war," writes a gentleman to the editor of these papers, "and was present when Mr. Clay made his farewell speech on resigning the Speakership. It was an impressive occasion. Not only were all the seats of Members occupied, but many Senators attended, and a large miscellaneous crowd. The war which he had been most active in hastening, and most energetic in prosecuting, he was now commissioned with others to close. He was the youngest of the Commissioners, but sagacious far beyond his years. The hopes of the country tired of a protracted struggle, grew brighter from his appointment.

"Undoubtedly, at this time, even in his youthful age, he had no rival in popularity. His name was everywhere familiar as "household words." His own bearing evinced a consciousness of his favor in the country. I was struck with his appearance on this occasion. There was a fire in his eye, an elation in his countenance, a buoyancy in his whole action, that seemed the self-consciousness of coming greatness. Hope brightened, and joy elevated his crest. As full of confidence, gallant bearing, and gratified look, he took his seat in the Speaker's chair, his towering hight even more conspicuous than usual, I could not but call to mind Vernon's description of Henry, Prince of Wales, in Shakspere:

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thigh, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

"Age at this time had not withered nor custom staled the infinite variety of his genius. The defects of his character had not been developed; prosperity had not sunned them; and they lie unsprouted in his heart; nor had he committed any of the blunders of his later life, which, in a political view, have been pronounced worse than crimes.

"After he had resigned the chair, in a neat and appropriate speech, he came down to the floor; and Members surrounded him, to express their great grief at his withdrawal,—mingled, however, with congratulations upon his appointment, and with the expression of sanguine anticipations of the success of his mission."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Undoubtedly one great reason of Mr. Adams' unpopularity, was his cold, antipathetic manner, and the suspicion of selfishness it suggested, or at least aided greatly to confirm. None approached Mr. Adams but to recede. He never succeeded, he never tried to conciliate. He seemed one of those persons—not rare on earth—whose enjoyment stops in themselves; who find no pleasure in the indulgence of social feelings, and cherish no hope but of self-gratification. Friendship which receives and repays mutual benefits, which responds alike to good or adverse fortune, which removes us from entire isolation, expands the heart, lends new force to genius, and a nobler expression to thought, he never seemed capable of comprehending.

His mind, wonderfully precocious, was developed at the expense of his heart. Undue exercise of the one, as happens with the limbs of the body, dwarfed or weakened the other. He could elaborate vast schemes of political aggrandizement, construct stupendous tomes of incontrovertible logic, establish or demolish theories of perplexing ingenuity; but he was ignorant of an unselfish emotion, incapable of an ennobling expression, and constitutionally insensible to other than personal hopes and purposes.

All political dogmas, creeds and parties, were held by him in like consideration. He found them all equally fallacious and equally useful. He sacrificed no principle in espousing or repudiating either or all, for he had no principles to sacrifice. Without violence to his feelings or judgment, he admitted or rejected propositions and measures. He knew but one test of their soundness; how far they were useful, so far and so long they were right. In whatever other respect he resembled Cato Uticensis, in one he differed from him materially. The *victa causa* never pleased *him*. The theory that failed was to him illogical; the party that fell, unprincipled.

This intense concentration of self upon self gave character to his countenance, manners, and habits. He seemed as cold, passionless and inscrutable as the Egyptian Sphynx, whose fate, too, his own resembled. He was successful while his secret was undiscovered, but that once exposed, he sunk forever.

A disposition like his was its own Nemesis. Ever grasping at honors, success rather exasperated than satisfied him. While there was a step still higher, he was restless, discontented, morose, till he reached it; and when reached, the fear of its loss was greater than the pleasure of its enjoyment, and kept his mind in a constant turbulence. A want of sympathy for others, deadened his own sense of his elevation; he knew not the increase of gratification from reflection. His merit, he thought, provoked service, which, like virtue, was its own reward. He therefore felt no gratitude, and acknowledged in his favors no distinction between friend and enemy. Success made him ungrateful, and defeat vindictive; the one he easily forgot the other he never forgave.

This harshness of character developed itself in his writings. Future ages no less than the present will suffer from its expression. A severe and unyielding logic pervades and oppresses all his productions. There is nothing to move the affections, to rouse the fancy, or open the heart, in any. In all the mighty volumes of lectures, essays, correspondence, state papers and speeches with which he has terrified mankind, not a glorious sentiment, magnanimous idea, or soul stirring expression occurs. They are all lava like, destroying everything like fertilization.

Such a character could secure no permanent popularity. It was only to be appreciated, to be hated; and the historian will be compelled to record, among the most prominent causes of Mr. Adams's ultimate defeat, his selfish, cold, unsympathetic heart, characterizing manner and action.

GEN. JACKSON.

His successful competitor was cast in a different mold. Some virtues he had, and others he assumed. He was frank, affable, and impressionable; and if not always sincere, always had the appearance of sincerity. It was easier to pardon his vices, than to acknowledge the virtues of his rival; the arrogance of the latter offending self-love, more than the former the moral sense.

It is not to be denied, however, that he had one element of popularity which his opponent needed. This was his brilliant military reputation. His courage and conduct in several severe emergencies, and more particularly in one crisis of our public affairs, during the last war with Great Britain, had gained him the confidence and gratitude of his countrymen. This element of strength had been sensibly felt in the preceding canvass, and was perhaps the best solution of the almost incredible popularity which he enjoyed.

Still his military achievements, dazzling as they were, did not constitute his sole claim to popular favor. He had filled high stations in civil life, in National as well as in State Government; in all of which he had given evidence of a determined will, an honest purpose, and sagacious judgment, that commanded the good-will of all classes. His character for moral, physical, and intellectual energy was known everywhere. He was thought to possess, too, qualities of mind rare in their independent excellence, and only less than miraculous in their combination. And hence there was a conviction, no more earnest than general, with the well-informed no less than with the vulgar, that he could cultivate with equal success the somewhat hostile arts of war and peace.

COL. BENTON.

Benton discharged all sorts of missiles at the head of an adversary, like a catapulta. Tropes, metaphors, similes, unsavory allusions, vituperative epithets, damnatory personalities, he hurled upon the victim of his temporary anger. He neither sought nor gave quarter; one of the regular Black Hussars of debate. His manner, if possible, was yet more excited than his language; and his voice more belligerent than either. His whole attitude was defiance, and each gesture a provocation. An indifferent auditor might suppose from the extravagance of his manner and the language occasionally, that he was "running a muck." *Habet fœnum in cornu*, was at such times the proper solution of his conduct.

His speech was as often extraordinary as his manner. He brought together such a mass of crude, undigested, indigestible compilations, overwhelming the subject-matter in its accidents, so much useless accumulation, disjointed and inconsequent facts, impertinent allusions, and loose though labored analogies, one could not but imagine that he had made a foray into the territory of history, and seized upon booty, of which he neither knew the value, nor cared for the destination.

Too often, whatever there was of invincible logic in his declamation, was lost in diffusive speech, in useless generalities, unconnected episodes, and uncalled for personalities. His egotism at this time was almost ferocious; it interpenetrated every part of his speech, and made it sometimes absurd, sometimes farcical, and always offensive. But whenever for a time he forgot himself in his subject, and became wholly absorbed in its consideration, he was an antagonist not to be despised. He had read much, he had observed much, he had hoarded much; and all he had read, observed, or hoarded he held at a moment's command. If he could but bring his facts and illustrations into line, so as to bear down in compact array upon the enemy's center, he pierced it and secured victory. But it was unfortunate for him that his facts, undisciplined and irregular, hung back upon the very point of engagement, and recoiled, like elephants in Indian armies, upon their own friends.

I speak of him as he was. Twenty years have passed since this debate took place. The closer study of mankind, of books, and himself, has liberalized his temper, chastened his style, and subdued his manner. He commits no such solecisms of thought or conduct as formerly. He arrogates less for his own position now, concedes more to his opponent's. His speech is less discursive and more argumentative; it neglects persons and embraces propositions; is more suggestive, logical, and final. Still, though his deportment has more suavity, his manner more amenity, and his speech less personality than of old, he does not roar you now as gently as 'twere any nightingale. He is Boanerges still.

COL. HAYNE.

Hayne dashed into debate, like the Mameluke cavalry upon a charge. There was a gallant air about him, that could not but win admiration. He never provided for retreat: he never imagined it. He had an invincible confidence in himself, which arose partly from constitutional temperament, partly from previous success. His was the Napoleonic warfare; to strike at once for the capitol of the enemy, heedless of danger or cost to his own forces. Not doubting to overcome all odds, he feared none, however seemingly superior. Of great fluency and no little force of expression, his speech never halted, and seldom fatigued.

His oratory was graceful and persuasive. An impassioned manner, somewhat vehement at times, but rarely if ever extravagant; a voice well-modulated and clear; a distinct, though rapid enunciation; a confident, but not often offensive address: these, accompanying and illustrating language well selected, and periods well turned, made him a popular and effective speaker.

His *forte* was, still, rather declamation than argument; of close, severe ratiocination, which rejects everything but what leads to conviction, he knew but little. He had never mastered the science of dialectics; but he was not without a certain kind of specious logic, which, with the multitude of listeners, would pass for current coin. It had the form, the impress and superficial appearance of the pure metal: but it wanted weight on examination, and had no genuine ring in its sound.

One of the most graphic descriptions in the volume is the account of Mr. Webster's Speech in the Senate in reply to Col. Hayne on Foote's Resolution.

"It was on Tuesday, January the 26th, 1830,—a day to be hereafter forever memorable in Senatorial annals,—that the Senate resumed the consideration of Foote's Resolution. There never was before, in the city, an occasion of so much excitement. To witness this great intellectual contest, multitudes of strangers had for two or three days previous been rushing into the city, and the hotels overflowed. As early as 9 o'clock of this morning, crowds poured into the Capitol, in hot haste; at 12 o'clock, the hour of meeting, the Senate Chamber, its galleries, floor and even lobbies,—was filled to its utmost capacity. The very stairways were dark with men, who hung on to one another, like bees in a swarm.

The House of Representatives was early deserted. An adjournment would have hardly made it emptier. The Speaker, it is true, retained his chair, but no business of moment was, or could be, attended to. Members all rushed in to hear Mr. Webster, and no call of the House or other parliamentary proceedings could compel them back. The floor of the Senate was so densely crowded, that persons once in could not get out, nor change their position; in the rear of the Vice-President's chair, the crowd was particularly intense. Dixon H. Lewis, then a Representative from Alabama, became wedged in here. From his enormous size it was impossible for him to move without displacing a vast portion of the multitude. Unfortunately too, for him, he was jammed in directly behind the chair of the Vice-President, where he could not see, and hardly hear the speaker. By slow and laborious effort—pausing occasionally to breathe—he gained one of the windows, which constructed of painted glass, flank the chair of the Vice-President on either side. Here he paused, unable to make more headway. But determined to see Mr. Webster as he spoke, with his knife he made a large hole in one of the panes of glass; which is still visible as he made it. Many were so placed as not to be able to see the speaker at all.

The courtesy of Senators accorded to the fairer sex room on the floor—the most gallant of them, their own seats. The gay bonnets and brilliant dresses threw a varied and picturesque beauty over the scene, softening and embellishing it.

Seldom, if ever, has speaker in this or any other country had more powerful incentives to exertion; a subject, the determination of which involved the most important interests, and even duration, of the Republic; competitors, unequalled in reputation, ability, or position; a name to make still more glorious, or lose forever; and an audience, comprising not only persons of this country most eminent in intellectual greatness, but representatives of other nations, where the art of eloquence had flourished for ages. All the soldier seeks in opportunity was here.

Mr. Webster perceived, and felt equal to, the destinies of the moment. The very greatness of the hazard exhilarated him. His spirits rose with the occasion. He awaited the time of onset with a stern and impatient joy. He felt, like the war-horse of the Scriptures,—who "paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: who goeth on to meet the armed men,—who sayeth among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and who smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

A confidence in his own resources, springing from no vain estimate of his power, but the legitimate offspring of previous severe mental discipline, sustained and excited him. He had guaged his opponents, his subject and *himself*.

He was too, at this period, in the very prime of manhood. He had reached middle age—an era in the life of man, when the faculties, physical or intellectual, may be supposed to attain their fullest organization, and most perfect development. Whatever there was in him of intellectual energy and vitality, the occasion, his full life and high ambition, might well bring forth.

He never rose on an ordinary occasion to address an ordinary audience more self-possessed. There was no tremulousness in his voice nor manner; nothing hurried, nothing simulated. The calmness of superior strength was visible everywhere; in countenance, voice and bearing. A deep seated conviction of the extraordinary character of the emergency, and of his ability to control it, seemed to possess him wholly. If an observer, more than ordinarily keen-sighted, detected at times something like exultation in his eye, he presumed it sprang from the excitement of the moment and the anticipation of victory.

The anxiety to hear the speech was so intense, irrepressible, and universal, that no sooner had the Vice President assumed the chair than a motion was made and unanimously carried to postpone the ordinary preliminaries of Senatorial action.

Mr. Webster rose and addressed the Senate. His exordium is known by heart, everywhere: "Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and before we float further, on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to form some conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution."

There wanted no more to enchain the attention. There was a spontaneous, though silent, expression of eager approbation, as the orator concluded these opening remarks. And while the clerk read the resolution, many attempted the impossibility of getting nearer the speaker. Every head was inclined closer toward him, every ear turned in the direction of his voice—and that deep, sudden, mysterious silence followed, which always attends fullness of emotion. From the sea of upturned faces before him, the orator beheld his thoughts reflected as from a mirror. The varying countenance, the suffused eye, the earnest smile, and ever-attentive look assured him of his audience's entire sympathy. If among his hearers there were those who affected at first an indifference to his glowing thoughts and fervent periods, the difficult mask was soon laid aside, and profound, undisguised, devoted attention followed. In the earlier part of his speech, one of his principal opponents seemed deeply engrossed in the careful perusal of a newspaper he held before his face; but this, on nearer approach, proved to be *upside down*. In truth, all, sooner or later, voluntarily, or in spite of themselves, were wholly carried away by the eloquence of the orator.

One of the happiest retorts ever made in a forensic controversy was his application of Hayne's comparison of the ghost of the "murdered coalition" to the ghost of Banquo:

"Sir, the honorable member was not, for other reasons, entirely happy in his allusions to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the friends, but the enemies of the murdered Banquo, at whose bidding his spirit would not *down*. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his reading of the English classics, and can put me right if I am wrong; but, according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses, and ended with foul and treacherous murder, that the gory locks were shaken! The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man. It knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, a ghost! It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty, and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start, with.

"'Pr'ithee, see there! behold! look! lo,
If I stand here, I saw him!'

Their eyeballs were seared (was it not so, sir?) who had thought to shield themselves by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness; who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences, by ejaculating, through white lips and chattering teeth, 'Thou canst not say I did it!' I have misread the great poet if those who had no way partaken in the deed of death, either found that they were, or *feared that they should be*, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or exclaimed, to a specter created by their own fears, and their own remorse, "Avaunt! and quit our sight!"

There was a smile of appreciation upon the faces all around, at this most felicitous use of another's illustration—this turning one's own witness against him—in which Col. Hayne good-humoredly joined.

As the orator carried out the moral of Macbeth, and proved by the example of that deep-thinking, intellectual, but insanely ambitious character, how little of substantial good or permanent power was to be secured by a devious and unblessed policy, he turned his eye with a significance of expression, full of prophetic revelation upon the Vice-President, reminding him that those who had foully removed Banquo had placed

"A barren scepter in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding."

Every eye of the whole audience followed the direction of his own—and witnessed the changing countenance and visible agitation of Mr. Calhoun.

Surely, no prediction ever met a more rapid or fuller confirmation, even to the very manner in which the disaster was accomplished. Within a few brief months, the political fortunes of the Vice-President, at this moment seemingly on the very point of culmination, had sunk so low, there were none so poor as to do him reverence.

Whether for a moment a presentiment of the approaching crisis in his fate, forced upon his mind by the manner and language of the speaker, cast a gloom over his countenance, or some other cause, it is impossible to say; but his brow grew dark, nor for some time did his features recover their usual impassibility.

The allusion nettled him,—the more as he could not but witness the effect it produced upon others—and made him restless. He seemed to seek an opportunity to break in upon the speaker; and later in the day, as Mr. Webster was exposing the gross and ludicrous inconsistencies of South Carolina politicians, upon the subject of Internal Improvements, he interrupted him with some eagerness: "Does the chair understand the gentleman from Massachusetts to say that the person now occupying the chair of the Senate has changed his opinions on this subject?" To this, Mr. Webster replied immediately, and good-naturedly: "From nothing ever said to me, sir, have I had reason to know of any change in the opinions of the person filling the chair of the Senate. If such change has taken place, I regret it."*

Those who had doubted Mr. Webster's ability to cope with and overcome his opponents were fully satisfied of their error before he had proceeded far in his speech. Their fears soon took another direction. When they heard his sentences of powerful thought, towering in accumulative grandeur, one above the other, as if the orator strove, Titan-like, to reach the very heavens themselves, they were giddy with an apprehension that he would break down in his flight. They dared not believe, that genius, learning, and intellectual endowment however uncommon, that was simply mortal, could sustain itself long in a career seemingly so perilous.—They feared an Icarian fall.

Ah! who can ever forget, that was present to hear, the tremendous, the *awful* burst of eloquence with which the orator spoke of the *Old Bay State!* or the tones of deep pathos in which the words were pronounced:

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice; and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

What New England heart was there but throbbed with vehement, tumultous, irrepressible emotion, as he dwelt upon New England sufferings, New-England struggles and New-England triumphs during the war of the Revolution?* There was scarcely a dry eye in the Senate; all hearts were overcome; grave judges and men grown old in dignified life turned aside their heads, to conceal the evidences of their emotion."

In one corner of the gallery was clustered a group of Massachusetts men. They had hung from the first moment upon the words of the speaker, with feelings variously but always warmly excited, deepening in intensity as he proceeded. At first, while the orator was going through his exordium, they held their breath and hid their faces, mindful of the savage attack upon him and New-England, and the fearful odds against him, her champion; as he went deeper into his speech they felt easier; when he turned Hayne's flank on Banquo's ghost, they breathed freer and deeper. But now, as he alluded to Massachusetts, their feelings were strained to their highest tension; and when the orator, concluding his encomium upon the land of their birth, turned, intentionally or otherwise, his burning eye full upon them—*they wept like girls!*

No one who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one who was, can give an adequate description of it. No word-painting can convey the deep, intense enthusiasm, the reverential attention of that vast assembly—nor limner transfer to canvas their earnest, eager, awe-struck countenances. Though language were as subtle and flexible as thought, it still would be impossible to represent the full idea of the scene. There is something intangible in an emotion which cannot be transferred. The nicer shades of feeling elude pursuit. Every description, therefore, seems to the narrator himself most tame, spiritless, unjust.

Much of the instantaneous effect of the speech arose, of course, from the orator's delivery—the tones of his voice, his countenance, and manner.† These die mostly with the occasion that calls them forth—the impression is lost in the attempt at transmission from one mind to another. They can only be described in general terms. "Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner, in many parts," says Mr. Everett, "it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown."

The brief sketch of Mr. Calhoun is drawn with admirable terseness and vigor:

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The character of this extraordinary man has been the theme alike of extravagant praise and obloquy, as zealous friendship or earnest enmity have held the pen. His sun has lately sunk below the horizon; it went down in all the splendor of noontide, and the effulgence of its setting yet dazzles the mind too much, to justify an impartial opinion. But whatever may be the diversity of opinion as regards his patriotism, or the integrity of his purpose, no one who respects himself will deny him the possession of rare and intellectual faculties; of a mind capacious and enlightened; of powers of reasoning almost miraculous; of unequalled prescience; and of a judgment, when unwarped by prejudice, most express and admirable.

On this, the greatest occasion of his intellectual and political life, he, bore himself proudly and gloriously. He appeared to hold victory at his command, and yet determined, withal, to show that he deserved it. There was a strength in his argument that seemed the exhaustion of thought, and a frequency of nervous diction most appropriate for its expression. The extreme mobility of his mind was felt everywhere and immediate. It passed from declamation to invective, and from invective to argument, rapidly, but not confusedly, exciting and filling the imagination of all.

In his tempestuous eloquence, he tore to pieces the arguments of his opponents, as the hurricane rends the sails. Nothing withstood the ardor of his mind; no sophistry, however ingenious, puzzled him; no rhetorical ruse escaped his detection. He overthrew logic that seemed impregnable, and demolished the most compact theory, in a breath.

Mr. Van Buren's character is set off in somewhat stronger coloring:

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

A model presiding officer was Mr. Van Buren. The attentive manner in which he listened, or seemed to listen, to each successive speaker, no matter how dull the subject, or how stupid the orator, the placidity of his countenance, unruffled in the midst of excitement, the modest dignity of his deportment, the gentlemanly ease of his address, his well-modulated voice and sympathetic smile, extorted admiration from even an opposing Senate; while the proper firmness he displayed on all occasions, the readiness with which he met and repulsed any attack upon the privileges or dignity of the Chair, the more conspicuous in contrast with the quiet indifference with which he entertained any merely personal assault, gained him the good will of all beholders.

He had served an apprenticeship to his high office by a Senatorial career of six years, and qualified himself by the proper discharge of the duties of one position for the more responsible duties of the other. The peculiar delicacy and decorum which he had manifested during that term of service, in times of high party excitement, and in a decided minority, had won him great renown, and seemed to justify the general belief that he was intended for a larger sphere of action. Always self-controlled, he never uttered a word, direct or by innendo, either from premeditation or in the heat of excitement, which need have wounded the feelings of a political opponent, in open or in secret session. Master of his own passions, he soon learnt to command those of other men. By study of himself, he acquired a knowledge of mankind. With a countenance always open, and thought always concealed, he invited without returning, confidence. Indeed, the character the great modern poet gives to one of his heroes will serve as an epitome, *mutatis mutandis*, of Mr. Van Buren's:

"He was the mildest-mannered man,
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true feelings of the gentleman,
You rarely could divine his real thought."

Our readers will perceive that this is a book of no common interest, and whoever has a taste for lively character-drawing, with anecdotal recollections of the most prominent men who have for a long time been on the political arena, will make haste to dip into its contents.

* Mr. Calhoun's interruption was un-Parliamentary, or rather, un-Senatorial. The Vice-President is not a member of the Senate, and has no voice in it save for the preservation of order and enforcement of the rules. He cannot participate otherwise either in the debates or proceedings. He is simply the presiding officer of the Senate—having no vote in its affairs save on a tie. Had Mr. Webster made a direct, unmistakeable allusion to him, Mr. Calhoun still could have replied through a friendly Senator, or the press. On this occasion he was too much excited to attend to the etiquette of his position. His feelings and his interest in the question made him forgetful of his duty.

Sometime later than this, after a rupture had taken place between Gen. Jackson and himself, Mr Forsyth of Georgia, on being interrupted by some (as he thought) uncalled for question or remark, rebuked him in an emphatic manner for violation of official etiquette. Mr. Van Buren, who ousted and succeeded him, always remained silent, placid, imperturbable in his seat, however personal or severe the attack upon him;—and no Vice-President since his day has ever attempted to interfere with the discussions of the Senate.

* Gen. Washington said that the New-England troops came better clothed into the field, were as orderly there, and fought as well, if not better than any troops on the continent.

† The personal appearance of Mr. Webster has been a theme of frequent discussion. He was at the time this speech was delivered twenty years younger than now.—Time had not thinned nor bleached his hair: it was as dark as the raven's plumage, surmounting his massive brow in ample folds. His eye, always dark and deep-set, enkindled by some glowing thought, shone from beneath his somber, overhanging brow like lights in the blackness of night, from a sepulchre. It was such a countenance as Salvator Rosa delighted to paint.

No one understood, or understands, better than Mr. Webster, the philosophy of dress: what a powerful auxiliary it is to speech and manner, when harmonizing with them. On this occasion he appeared in a blue coat and buff vest,—the Revolutionary colors of buff and blue,—with a white cravat;—a costume, than which none is more becoming to his face and expression. This courtly particularity of dress adds no little to the influence of his manner and appearance.

The Magazines, &c.

☞ "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," September, has several capital stories, an admirable tribute to the genius of Humboldt, by H. T. Tuckerman, and some poetical pieces of considerable merit. An original song by Gen. Morris feelingly celebrates the poetry of summer life in town.

NEW-YORK IN THE DOG DAYS.

Rime of the Ancient Editour.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"The dog star rages."—Hom.

UNSEAL the city fountains,
And let the waters flow
In coolness from the mountains
Into the plains below.
My brain is parched and arring,
The pavement hot and dry,
And not a breath is stirring
Beneath the burning sky.

The belles have all departed—
There does not linger one!
Of course the mart 's deserted
By every mother's son,
Except the street musician,
And men of lesser note,
Whose only earthly mission
Is but to toil and vote.

A woman—blessings on her!—
Beneath my window see;
She 's singing—what an honor!—
"Oh, woodman, spare that tree!"
Her "man" the air is killing—
His organ 's out of tune—
They 're gone, with my last shilling,*
To Florence's saloon!†

New-York is most compactly
Of brick and mortar made—
Thermometer exactly
One hundred in the shade!
A furnace would be safer
Than this my letter-room,
Where gleams the sun, a wafer
About to seal my doom.

The town looks like an ogre,
The country like a bride;
Wealth hies to Saratoga,
And Worth to Sunny-Side!‡
While fashion seeks the islands
Encircled by the sea,
Taste finds the Hudson highlands
More beautiful and free.

The omnibuses rumble
Along their cobbled way—
The "twelve inside" more humble
Than he who takes the pay:
From morn till midnight stealing,
His horses come and go—
The only creatures feeling
The "luxury of wo!"§

We editors of papers,
Who coin our brains for bread
By solitary tapers
While others doze in bed,
Have tasks as sad and lonely,
However wrong or right,
But with this difference only,
The horses rest at night.

From twelve to nearly fifty,
I've toiled and idled not,
And, though accounted thrifty,
I'm scarcely worth a groat;
However, I inherit
What few have ever gained,
A bright and cheerful spirit
That never has complained.

A stillness and a sadness
Pervade the City Hall,
And speculating madness
Has left the street of Wall;
The Union Square looks really
Both desolate and dark,
And that 's the case, or nearly,
From Battery to Park.

Had I a yacht, like Miller,
That skimmer of the seas,
A wheel rigged for a tiller,||
And a fresh gunwale breeze,
A crew of friends well chosen,
And all ataunto, I
Would sail for regions frozen—
I 'd rather freeze than fry.

Oh, this confounded weather!
(As some one sung or said),
My pen, though but a feather,
Is heavier than lead;
At every pore I 'm oozing—
(I 'm "caving in" to-day)—
My plumptitude I 'm losing,
And dripping fast away.

I 'm weeping like the willow
That droops in leaf and bough—
Let Croton's sparkling billow
Flow through the city now;
And, as becomes her station,
The muse will close her prayer—
God save the corporation!
Long live the valiant Mayor!

* This is a fact, and no poetic fable.—BYRON.
† A fashionable oyster cellar in Broadway, at the corner of Park Place.
‡ The country residence of Washington Irving.
§ W-h-e-a!
|| A peculiarity of Miller's yacht, the "Ultra."

New-York: Sold by H. Long & Brother, and Dewitt & Davenport.

☞ "SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE," Sept. beside other appropriate and beautiful embellishments, has a portrait of President Fillmore and an excellent likeness of Miss Bremer, from a portrait by the very promising young artist William H. Furness Jr. These are accompanied with a notice of Mr. Fillmore by R. W. Griswold, and a critical essay on the literary position and character of Miss Bremer, by Anne C. Lynch. The following announcement is rather mystical, and evidently means more than meets the ear:

"As to Miss Bremer's future, we do not consider her course by any means as ended. We know that in her works, as in her life, she aspires to that ascending metamorphosis without which the normal development of life is not accomplished. We know that she aspires to put the romance of individual life in closer connection with the great romance of humanity, and that her present visit to the New-World is connected with this view. We know that through the impressions here received she hopes to realize and to give expression to ardent hopes and long cherished visions. We know that 'the light of her life's day, like that of the morning, will be an ascending one, and that whether its beam shine through mist or through clear air, that the day will increase—the life will brighten.'"

An article on the "Loves of Goethe" trenches on dangerous ground for a lady, but the subject is treated gingerly enough by the versatile pen of Talvi, who says nothing, however, about the fantastic episode of Bettina Brentano. (New-York: Sold by Dewitt & Davenport and H. Long and Brothers.

☞ "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE," (September,) with its usual tasteful embellishments, is filled with attractive and readable matter, mostly from distinguished pens. Stoddard's Ode is in his characteristic vein of rich sensuous description, tinged with a soft, dreamy melancholy with which he sports in graceful sadness. Fields's vigorous Lines on a Portrait of Cromwell will go the rounds of the newspapers. Park Benjamin's poem on Audubon's Blindness is a highly polished production. Mrs. Pease's Sonnets have a certain quaint felicity. They are followed by an article on The Doctrine of Form, marked with uncommon metaphysical ingenuity, and rich in suggestion. Several other pieces are from popular writers, and will repay the trouble of perusal. (New-York: Sold by H. Long & Brother, and Dewitt & Davenport.)

☞ "HOMEOPATHY IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND IN 1849," by C. NEIDHARD, M. D. is a pamphlet consisting of two Discourses delivered in the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. It is a record of the medical experience of the author in a foreign tour made during the last year, and presents many interesting statements in regard to the present condition of Homeopathic science in Europe. His account of the Austrian Hospitals will be found very valuable, and his lively descriptions of several leading celebrities may be